

Good ²⁰⁶ Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



Then—IDA LUPINO

AN actress with a flair for economics drew up a cost sheet the other day and made this interesting discovery: It costs a comedienne at least 200 dollars more per week to practise her profession than it does a dramatic actress.

And the pay is usually less. Author of this pointed sidelight on the business of acting is smart Ida Lupino, who professes that playing comedy roles used to keep her broke. "I'm saving something now," she said.

If Miss Lupino's argument is any good, she should be doing quite well, monetarily speaking.

She deserted almost six straight years of comedy roles to play straight, unwatered drama in "They Drive By Night." This won her a Warner Bros. contract and the feminine lead in "Out Of The Fog," which is based on Irwin Shaw's great play, "The Gentle People."

As the "Stella" in this significant drama, Miss Lupino does as vivid a job as any youngster could hope to do. It is the very antithesis of comedy, and so, financially, it was a splendid success.

"A professional comedienne has more of a drain on her pocket-book than anyone else in the show business, comedians excluded," Miss Lupino contended.



A Quadruple Dose of OOMPH

First—Jean Rogers

ONE of New England's loveliest contributions to the screen is Jean Rogers, whose discovery and trip to Hollywood reads like the proverbial fairy book story.

It all happened when a strange man tapped her on the shoulder when she and her mother were returning to Boston aboard an excursion boat. They weren't aware of the fact, but a contest was in progress. Each day the "strange man"—a Hollywood talent scout—chose the most beautiful girl aboard the vessel as an entrant in the contest.

This day, as the boat neared Boston Harbour, he saw Miss Rogers standing gracefully against the forward rail, the summer breeze rippling her lovely hair, her eyes alight with the joy of living, and knew his labours were over for that day.

At first, Jean and her mother were reluctant to embark upon such an adventure, entirely foreign to their ideas. But the talent scout was persuasive. The next day Miss Rogers, more for the lark of the thing than any real desire for a Hollywood career, found herself on the stage of Boston's Metropolitan Theatre, matching her charm against that of other beauties.

It was a "survival of the loveliest" competition, and day after day she was chosen as the outstanding beauty. Still hardly able to realise what it was all about, she found herself en route to filmland, chaperoned by her mother, Mrs. Ellen Lovegren.

Miss Rogers was born in Belmont, Massachusetts, an exclusive suburb of Boston, on March 25. She attended grade school and high school there.

TALENTED ARTIST.

Early in life she exhibited a rare aptitude for drawing, and up till the time she went to Hollywood was fully determined to study art in New York and Europe. It was during the summer following her graduation with honours from high school that Miss Rogers and her mother took the excursion trip which became the turning point in Jean's life. She recognised opportunity's beckoning hand, and grasped it firmly.

She and her mother find Southern California delightful. Upon completion of her first role in "Eight Girls in a Boat," she set out with intense earnestness of moulding her career as an actress.

In rapid succession, she played leading roles in "Stormy," "Mysterious Crossing," "Conflict," "Night Key," "Reported Missing," "The Wildcat," and "Love Is Young, and exhibiting her remarkable versatility, was heroine of no fewer than six complete serials. Recently she appeared in "Let's Make Music," "Yesterday's Heroes," and "Brigham Young."

Her first picture after being signed to a long-term contract at M.-G.-M. was "Design for Scandal," with Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon. Since then she has had featured roles in "Dr. Kildare's Victory" (title for England and Australia: "The Doctor and the Debutante"), "Sunday Punch," and "Pacific Rendezvous."

Her ambition is to become an actress celebrated not only for her beauty but for sincere, moving performances. In addition to her radiant good looks and supple figure, Miss Rogers is endowed with a melodious speaking voice.

OUTDOOR GIRL.

She is an accomplished equestrienne. She is fond also of swimming, bowling and tennis. In literature, her taste runs to biography.

Next—Peggy Cummins

A NEW personality to British films is fair-haired Peggy Cummins, now playing in Firth Shephard's comedy success, "Junior Miss," and who appears in the new Two Cities-Anatole de Grunwald production, "English Without Tears."

One uses the term "fair-haired" in connection with Peggy Cummins rather than the much overworked word "blonde" because this young Irish actress has such a youthful and unspoiled appearance.

She has a gay, girlish face, and without the least effort can step into real child parts. But in spite of her extremely juvenile looks, she is a seasoned actress with a long list of solid successes behind her. It is not so long ago that Dublin papers were talking about "little P. Cummins, who gave a performance worthy of Hollywood prodigy."

This was when she appeared with Lord Longford's Company at the Gate Theatre, and made a sensational success in Turgenev's "A Month In The Country." In this she was the young boy Koiya. Another of her successes in Dublin was at the Gaiety, where she appeared as the child Tina in Michael Mac Liammoir's "Dancing Shadow."

Hilton Edwards in those days predicted a great future for her. When she was in "Judgement Day" he called her "a definite person. She knows what she wants, what she is aiming at, in her chosen career. Her new part of Bobbie (Penelope Ward's young sister) in the comedy, "English Without Tears," fits her perfectly. In the new film she is Margaret Rutherford's niece, and she is exactly right for this part of a high-spirited young English girl, helping her aunt to run a club for our Allies."

MORE SUCCESS.

At twelve years of age she had a leading part in "Let's Pretend," a children's revue at the St. James Theatre, London. The London critics were just as kind as the Irish writers—they all predicted the brightest of futures for little Peggy Cummins.

Since those days she has travelled far, has become a young lady. The pretty fair hair gleams as brightly as ever, the high, intelligent forehead is a noticeable feature of a really attractive face. Young as she is, now in her

middle teens, Peggy is a very definite person. She knows what she wants, what she is aiming at, in her chosen career. Her new part of Bobbie (Penelope Ward's young sister) in the comedy, "English Without Tears," fits her perfectly. In the new film she is Margaret Rutherford's niece, and she is exactly right for this part of a high-spirited young English girl, helping her aunt to run a club for our Allies."

Now the British screen has discovered in Peggy Cummins a glamorous young lady who is as pretty as she is clever. And nowadays she can deal with contracts and business arrangements without having to consult the L.C.C.!

Peggy's father is a Dublin journalist, and she has a charming, sensible mother, who told Peggy and her two brothers to "Do what you like, but do it well."

One of her brothers is now



in the Air Force, serving in South Africa, and another brother is an artist in Dublin.

Although she started her stage career soon after she learned to walk, Peggy Cummins is still as fresh as a daisy, and completely unspoiled. Although she is such a grand little actress, and takes her chosen profession so seriously, she is so pretty she just can't help being a "pin-up" girl, whose photographs are much in demand by all branches of the Services.

She has made a terrific success in the stage play, "Junior Miss," at the Saville Theatre. In this robust American piece she plays Fuffy, and plays the part with the greatest verve and gusto possible.

This stage part, and her part in "English Without Tears," have given Peggy a flying start in her grown-up career.

and ANN SHERIDAN

ANN SHERIDAN, born Clara Lou Sheridan, in Dallas, Texas, February, 1915. Says she is of Scotch-Irish and Indian descent, and names General Philip Sheridan as her most famous ancestor.

In Dallas she attended the R.E. Lee School, the Denton Junior High School, and then went to North Texas State Teachers' College, expecting to become a teacher, but somehow things turned out differently.

During her school days she played basketball and tennis, and on the side she discovered she was a pretty good "blues" singer. So she sang "blues" with the college orchestra.

Then came one of those beauty contests and a film scout saw her. The school-teacher-to-be became a budding movie star.

At the present moment it is her ambition to be a very fine actress, and she is not particularly interested in any other sort of career. However, she enjoys painting in oils, and this might turn out profitably, although she timidly has her doubts. Has travelled through Mexico, and has been in Cuba, but she likes Hollywood better than any other place.

When it comes to pet aversions, she is scared to death of flying, she doesn't like traffic cops, she loathes turnips and spinach, she dislikes the ringing of the telephone, and she can't stand very much of the radio.

SHE LIKES POTATOES.

Her favourite extravagances are good books and clothes, and the Hollywood shops are good enough for her. Is not inter-

ested in any diet. Likes potatoes in any form, and enthuses over Spanish cooking. Says she can cook, and sometimes does.

To keep fit she plays tennis, swims, aquaplanes and goes horseback riding. Likes to watch polo matches, horse races and prize fights. For less strenuous sports she enjoys Badminton, ping-pong and bridge.

Names as her hobbies good books, and her favourites include "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" by Lawrence, "Around the World in 11 Years" by the Abbey children, James Hilton's "Lost Horizon," and Woolcott's "White Rome Burns."

She drives a Ford but doesn't own a boat or a beach house. Her favourite colour is blue,

and when it comes to flowers she has a suppressed desire for black and white orchids.

She saves her money but has no definite financial programme. Her good luck charm is an opal ring, and she is superstitious about hats on beds and whistling in the dressing-room.

Ann Sheridan is five feet five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has hazel eyes and red-brown hair. She is under contract to Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., and her current productions include: "Sing Me A Love Song," "The Great O'Malley," "Black Legion," "San Quentin," "The Footloose Heiress," "Wine, Women and Horses," "Alcatraz Island," "She Loved A Fireman," "Patient in Room 18."



Continuing: How the Brigadier triumphed in England By CONAN DOYLE

Gerard fights "Le Boxing"

IT came about in this way. Of an evening many sportsmen would assemble at the house of Lord Rufton, where they would drink much wine, make wild bets, and talk of their horses and their foxes. How well I remember those strange creatures. Sir Barrington, Jack Lupton of Barnstable, Colonel Addison, Johnny Miller, Lord Sadler, and my enemy, the Honourable Baldock.

They were of the same stamp all of them, drinkers, madcaps, fighters, gamblers, full of strange caprices and extraordinary whims. Yet

they were kindly fellows in their rough fashion, save only this Baldock, a fat man who prided himself on his skill at the box-fight.

It was he who, by his laughter against the French because they were ignorant of sport, caused me to challenge him in the very sport at which he excelled. You will say that it was foolish, my friends, but the decanter had passed many times, and the blood of youth ran hot in my veins.

I would fight him, this boaster; I would show him that if we had not skill, at least we had courage. Lord Rufton

would not allow it. I insisted.

The others cheered me on and slapped me on the back. "No, dash it, Baldock, he's our guest," said Rufton. "It's his own doing," the other answered. "Look here, Rufton, they can't hurt each other if they wear the mawleys," cried Lord Sadler. And so it was agreed.

What the mawleys were I did not know; but presently they brought out four great puddings of leather, not unlike a fencing glove, but larger. With these our hands were covered after we had stripped ourselves of our coats and waistcoats.

Then the table, with the glasses and decanters, was pushed into the corner of the room, and behold us, face to face! Lord Sadler sat in the armchair with a watch in his open hand.

"Time!" said he. I will confess to you, my friends, that I felt at that moment a tremor such as none of my many duels have ever given me. With sword or pistol I am at home; but here I only understood that I must struggle with this fat Englishman and do what I could, in spite of these great puddings upon my hands, to overcome him.

And at the very outset I was disarmed of the best weapon that was left to me. "Mind, Gerard, no kicking!" said Lord Rufton in my ear. I had only a pair of thin dancing slippers, and yet the man was fat, and a few well-directed kicks might have left me the victor. But there is an etiquette just as there is in fencing, and I refrained.

I looked at this Englishman and I wondered how I should attack him. His ears were large and prominent. Could I seize them I might drag him to the ground.

I rushed in, but I was betrayed by this flabby glove, and twice I lost my hold. He struck me, but I cared little for his blows, and again I

seized him by the ear. He fell, and I rolled upon him and thumped his head upon the ground. How they cheered and laughed, these gallant Englishmen, and how they clapped me on the back!

"Even money on the Frenchman," cried Lord Sadler.

"He fights foul," cried the enemy, rubbing his crimson ears. "He savaged me on the ground."

"You must take your chance of that," said Lord Rufton coldly.

"Time," cried Lord Sadler, and once again we advanced to the assault.

He was flushed, and his small eyes were as vicious as those of a bulldog. There was hatred on his face. For my part, I carried myself lightly and gaily. A French gentleman fights, but he does not hate.

I drew myself up before him, and I bowed as I have done in the duello. There can be grace and courtesy as well as defiance in a bow; I put all three into this one, with a touch of ridicule in the shrug which accompanied it. It was at this moment that he struck me. The room spun round with me. I fell upon my back.

But in an instant I was on my feet again and had rushed to a close combat. His ear, his hair, his nose, I seized them each in turn. Once again the mad joy of the battle was in my veins.

The old cry of triumph rose to my lips. "Vive l'Empereur!" I yelled as I drove my head into his stomach.

He threw his arm round my neck, and holding me with one hand he struck me with the other. I buried my teeth in his arm, and he shouted with pain.

"Call him off, Rufton!" he screamed. "Call him off, man! He's biting me!"

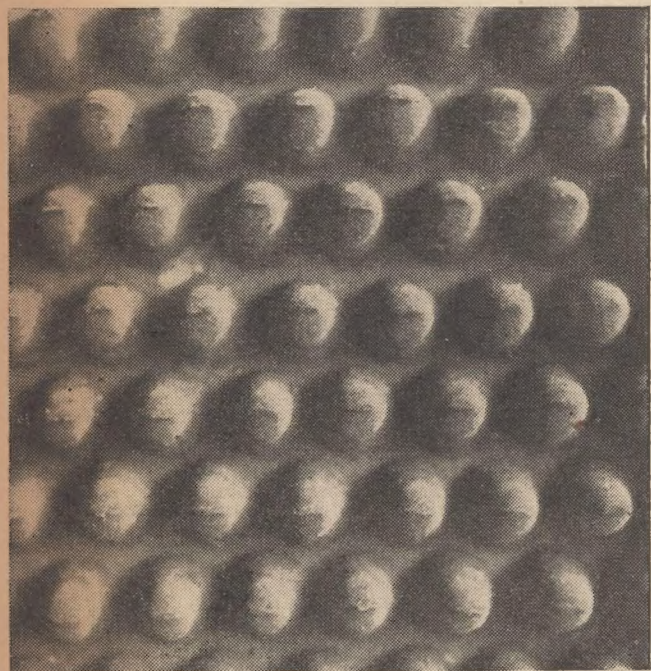
They dragged me away from him. Can I ever forget it?—the laughter, the cheering, the congratulations! Even my enemy bore me no ill will, for he shook me by the hand. For my part, I embraced him on each cheek.

Five years afterwards I learned from Lord Rufton that my noble bearing upon that evening was still fresh in the memory of my English friends.

It is not, however, of my own exploits in sport that I wish to speak to you to-night, but it is of the Lady Jane Dacre and the strange adventure of which she was the cause.

(To be continued)

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 205: Flower pots.

ODD CORNER

Heraldic creatures generally have peculiar "natural histories." The eagle was believed to rise magically from its own dead body, like the fabulous phoenix, and lions were supposed to be born dead and to have life put into them by their fathers' breath. The Russian bear was believed to be born a shapeless mass of flesh and fur, which the mother "licked into shape"—and so gave us that phrase.

In the time of Henry II, Lady Mabel Tichborne begged her husband to give the wherewithal to endow an annual dole of bread to the poor, before she died. He was not enthusiastic, but said in jest that he would give the produce of as much land as she could walk over while a faggot burned. She left her death-bed and managed to crawl round twenty-three acres, which are known to this day as "The Crawls." On March 25th every year, nearly 2,000 loaves of bread are still distributed to the poor by the Tichborne family.

JANE



THREE-WATER WILLIE



QUIZ for today

1. A felly is an Arab chief, part of a wheel, a Cornish pastry, a Scotch ewe, a golf club?
2. Who wrote (a) White Fang, (b) Black Beauty?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: January, March, May, June, July, August?
4. In what ball-game is the ball always travelling away from the player?
5. Who said, "a ministering angel"?
6. What is metaphysics?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Methesulah, Permissible, Morbidezza, Invoilable, Glacial?
8. What rank in the R.A.F. is equivalent to a Naval Petty Officer?
9. Who writes under the pen name of Taffrail?
10. Who first called Britain "a nation of shopkeepers"?
11. What is the county town of Norfolk?
12. Complete the phrases (a) Green with —, (b) Brown as a —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 205

1. Animal.
2. (a) Mark Twain, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Flageolet is a wind instrument; the others are stringed.
4. 4ft. 8in.
5. Longtellow, in "The Village Blacksmith."
6. A North Country ball game.
7. Erroneous, Phylactery.
8. Commander.
9. 30.
10. Exeter.
11. 1857.
12. (a) Marriages and deaths, (b) Stolen or strayed.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

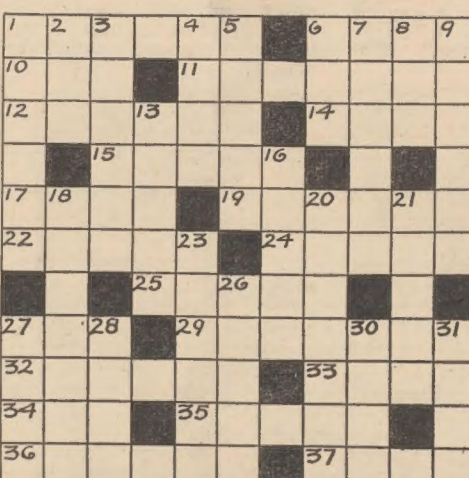
WANGLING WORDS—161

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CTARI, to make a fruit.
2. Rearrange the letters of O THY PLUM! to make a port.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COAT into RACK, BREAD into CRUMB, SOFA into DOZE, MOON into CALF.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ALLEGORICAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 160

- 1.—STRATEGIST
- 2.—SITTINGBOURNE
- 3.—BRIDE, BRINE, BRING, BRINK, BLINK, BLANK, BLAND, BLOND, BLOOD, BLOOM, BROOM, GROOM, SAFE, SAGE, RAGE, RARE, CARE, CURE, SURE, BLACK, CLACK, CRACK, CRICK, CHICK, CHECK, CHEEK, CREEK, GREEK, GREEN, HAM, HIM, AIM, ARM, ARE, AGE, AGO, EGO, EGG.
- 4.—Rave, Nave, Vane, Teat, Tear, Rate, Tare, Gave, Gent, Tang, Gear, Rage, Rent, Aver, Rant, Tarn, Tern, Gnat, etc. Great, Grate, Targe, Avert, Grant, Grave, Agent, Texan, Range, Extra, Agate, Treat, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Burnt.
- 6 Tennis services.
- 10 Me. ody.
- 11 Favouring extract.
- 12 Missive.
- 14 Silly.
- 15 Estuary.
- 17 Border.
- 19 Medicinal herb.
- 22 Hinder.
- 24 Pine exudation.
- 25 Called.
- 27 Suitable.
- 29 Lives.
- 32 Ascertain.
- 33 Veh. c.e.
- 34 Girl's name.
- 35 Rye disease.
- 36 Fool.
- 37 Ooze out.

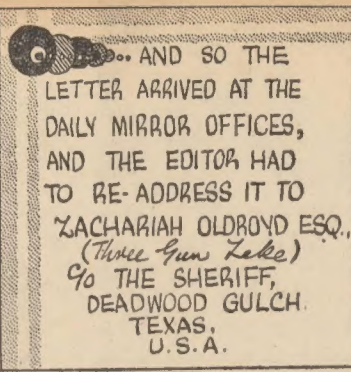
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SIP ROAST C
KNIFE PLUME
IDEAL TOTAL
MIDGET PORE
T SAWDER R
HEM SIR STY
A OREGON R
WERE SUITED
SLAMS GLOVE
ELSTIE HERON
R START TRY

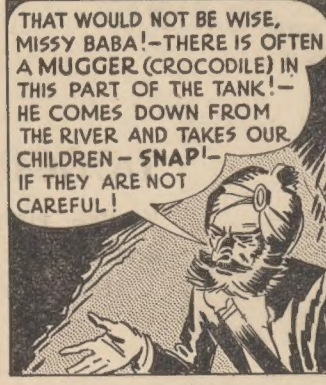
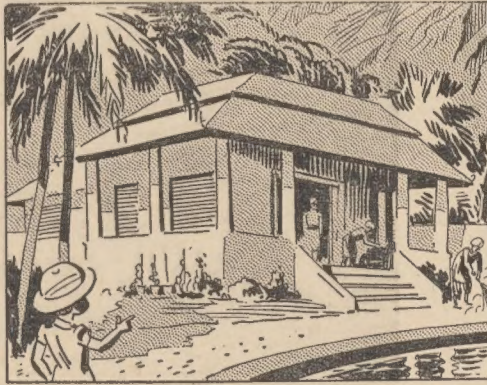
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Song.
- 2 Fabrication.
- 3 S.y.
- 4 Aye.
- 5 Game of skill.
- 6 Assist.
- 7 Gripping devices.
- 8 Nix.
- 9 Glossy fabric.
- 13 Big person.
- 16 Borrow.
- 18 Credit.
- 20 Physic'sans.
- 21 Ship.
- 23 Told stories.
- 26 Verse Rhythm.
- 27 Ran off.
- 28 Cape Dutch.
- 30 Fruit.
- 31 Arrest.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



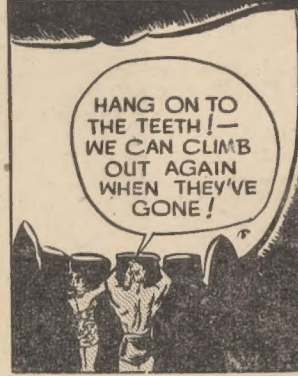
POPEYE



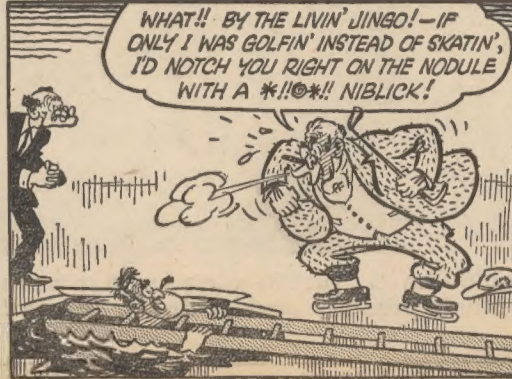
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 12

DERBY COUNTY

By John Allen

DERBY COUNTY have never been one of the "fashionable" teams of football, but always good enough for the best. Many of their players, too, rank among the greatest of all time.

Their "finest ever" was Steve Bloomer. The ever-cheery Steve was spotted playing for a local minor team, the Swifts; and when he hit a football so hard that it knocked out the goal-keeper and then went through the goal-net, the Derby official who witnessed the incident asked Bloomer if he would like to join "The Rams."

The player said that was his great ambition, so the forward was signed on at the handsome wage of seven shillings and sixpence a week, and was later to score 352 goals and play for England on 23 occasions! Steve was very proud of his shooting prowess, and one afternoon, during an important match, he missed what would nine times out of ten have been a certain goal. At the time he did not say anything, but later that night, when returning home, one of his colleagues happened to be passing by the Derby ground. He heard the sound of boot meeting leather, so decided to investigate.

Climbing over the wall surrounding the ground, he looked towards the pitch. With the moon as his "lamp," and surrounded by about a dozen footballs, was Steve Bloomer.

Steve grinned and explained: "When I was a schoolboy, if I did my work wrong I had to take it home and improve it. That's what I'm doing after this afternoon's miss!"

Derby first took an interest in football round about 1846. It was a different type of football to that played to-day. The ball was a leather case stuffed with cork, and the idea was for the teams to get into the other's goals—often miles apart—by any and every method!

The present club, however, owes its formation to the County Cricket Club. They even shared the cricket club's ground until they secured their present home at the Baseball Ground. The reason they changed was because there was a clause in their agreement which prevented them from building a grandstand.

As their following was quickly growing the footballers had to think quickly, so they decided to ask Sir Francis Lee, a big local business man, if they could use the Baseball Ground in the winter. The magnate agreed, and Derby County Football Club started on the road to fame.

Many wonder why Derby's ground has such a title. It's an interesting story. Sir Francis went to America on business and took a great liking to baseball. On returning to this country he had the Baseball Ground built and formed his own team.

Steve Bloomer, by the way, often played for it, but the locals did not share the enthusiasm of Sir Francis for the American game, and the club broke up and the ground fell into decay until the football club took over.

During the last few years many great players have worn Derby's white shirt. They include Harry Bedford, Jack Bowers, Jack Barker, Charlie Napier, Hugh Gallacher and Sammy Crooks, to mention but a few.

Wee Sammy Crooks, one of the greatest little right-wingers ever to grace an England team, was once concerned in one of the most amusing incidents I have ever seen on a football enclosure.

Derby were playing Notts Forest at the time, and the stadium was packed—and more fans were still streaming in when the match commenced. People were crowding the touch-line and mounted police were called in to keep order.

Derby had forced a corner, and Sammy Crooks prepared to take it. He placed the ball on the corner spot and stepped back to take his kick. Then he nearly fainted with shock.

He felt hot breath on his neck, and, turning, found himself staring into the eyes of a policeman's horse! As Sammy said later: "I took that corner-kick quicker than any before or since!"

Derby have always had some great forwards on their books, especially centre-forwards. Harry Bedford, Jack Bowers, Hugh Gallacher, and their present leader, Scottish international Davie McCulloch.

When peace returns, McCulloch, a sergeant-instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps, will be a very useful goal-scorer in Derby's attack.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



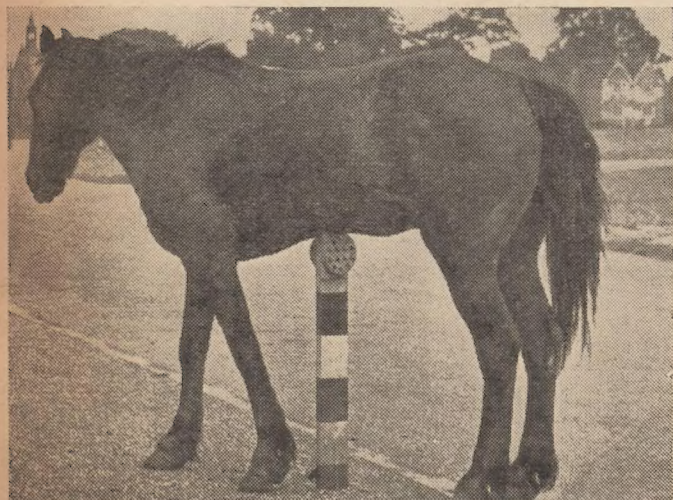
DOGGON IT'S REAL

You're right, Great Dane, but don't sniff too hard. That youngster's already scared stiff.



Bonnie Scotland

Cold silver light on the waters of Catacol Bay, Arran, Scotland.



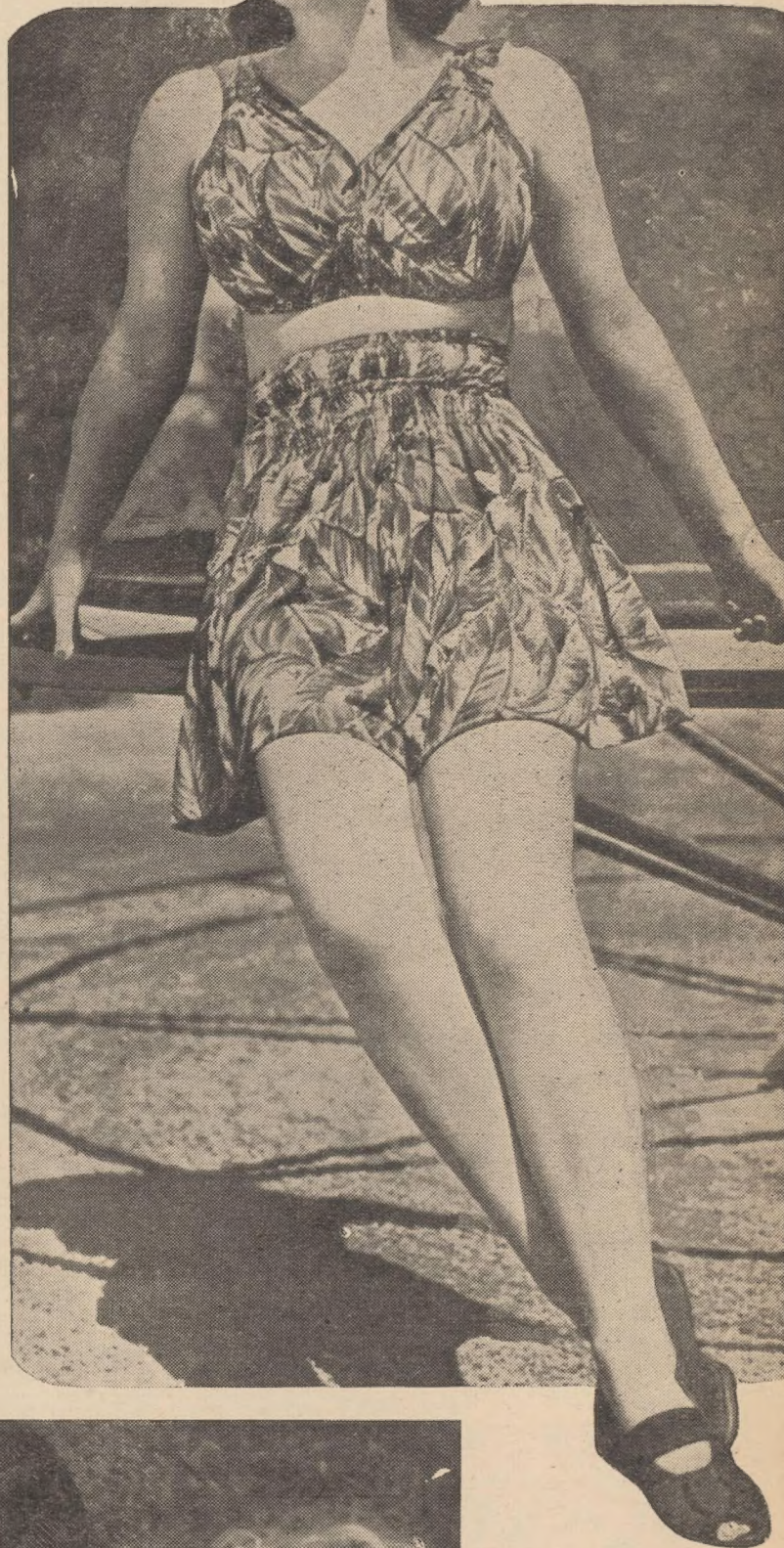
"Reflector posts? Well, why the heck can't I reflect AND scratch myself at the same time?"



"I knew you'd like it. Just because I said it was swede juice, you thought you couldn't possibly push it down. More? Good gracious!"

★ THE JOYWHEEL ★

Actually, it's a running wheel for keep-fit exercises, but Anne Baxter makes exercise the last thing we'd think of.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Persweded"

